SONGS and CHORUSSES

IN THE

NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

CALLED

M A Y-D A Y:

OR,

The LITTLE GIPSY.

Price Six-pence.

SONGS and CHORUSSES,

IN THE

NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

CALLED

MAY-DAY:

OR,

LITTLE GIPSY.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THERE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

The Music compos'd by Dr. ARNE.

LONDON:

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N. B. The Lines mark'd with inverted Commas are omitted in the repre-ſentation.

SONGS,

AND

CHORUSSES.

AIR.

By Mr. VERNON.

HOW can my heart reſt, when I ſee from the land,
Fanny's arms open'd wide to receive me:
Can hope caſt her anchor to fix on the ſand,
When winds and the waves both deceive me?

II.

My love to its duty ſtill conſtant and true,
Though of fortune and tempeſt the ſport,
Shall beat round the ſhore, the dear object in view,
'Till it ſinks, or is ſafe in the port.

SCENE,

SCENE,

A Rural Proſpect,

With a MAY-POLE *and* GARLAND.

A CHORUS

Of COUNTRY LADS and LASSES.

O lovely ſweet May!
The firſt of ſweet May,
Spring opens her treaſure,
Of Mirth, Love, and Pleaſure,
The Earth is dreſs'd gay.
We ſee all around, and we hear from each ſpray,
That nature proclaims it a feſtival day.

AIR.

By Mr. BANNISTER.

What's a poor ſimple clown
To do in the town?
Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none;
The folks I ſaw there,
Two faces did wear,
An honeſt man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roam;
I love my neighbour,
To ſing and to labour,
To me there is nothing like country and home.

II.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as curd, and now red;
Law! how would you ſtare,
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head.

Let others to London go roam;
I love my neighbour,
To ſing and to labour,
To me there is nothing like country and home.

III.

III.

Then 'tis ſo dizen'd out,
And with trinkets about,
With ribbands and flippets between;
They ſo noddle and toſs,
Juſt like a fore horſe,
With taſſels, and bells in a team.

Let others to London go roam;
I love my neighbour,
To ſing and to labour,
To me there is nothing like country and home.

IV.

Then the Fops are ſo fine,
With a lank waiſted chine,
And a little ſkimp bit of a hat;
Which from ſun, wind and rain,
Will not ſhelter their brain,
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.

Let others to London go roam;
I love my neighbour,
To ſing and to labour,
To me there is nothing like country and home.

V.

V.

Would you theſe creatures ape,
In looks and their ſhape,
Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
Let him waddle in gait,
A ſkim-diſh on his pate,
And he'll look all the world like a Beau.

Let others to London go roam,
I love my neighbour,
To ſing and to labour,
To me there is nothing like country and home.

VI.

" To keep my brains right,
" My bones whole and tight,
" To ſpeak, nor to look, would I dare;
" As they bake they ſhall brew,
" Old Nick and his crew,
" At London keep Vanity Fair.

" Let others to London go roam,
" I love my neighbour,
" To ſing and to labour,
" To me there is nothing like country and home."

AIR.

By Mr. VERNON.

Yes, I'll give my heart away
To her will not forſake it:
Softly maidens, ſoftly pray,
You muſt not ſnatch,
Nor fight, nor ſcratch,
But gently, gently take it.

II.

Ever conſtant, warm and true,
The toy is worth the keeping,
'Tis not ſpoil'd with faſhions new;
But full of love,
It will not rove——
The corn is worth the reaping.

III.

Maidens come, put in your claim,
I will not give it blindly:
My heart a lamb, though briſk is tame;
So let each laſs,
Before me paſs,
Who wins, pray uſe it kindly.

IV.

All have ſuch bewitching ways,
To give to one would wrong ye;
In turn to each my fancy ſtrays;
So let each fair,
Take equal ſhare,
I throw my heart among ye.

AIR.

By a YOUNG LADY.

Hail, Spring! whoſe charms make nature gay,
O breathe ſome charm on me,
That I may bleſs this joyful day,
Inſpir'd by Love, and thee!

II.

O Love! be all thy magic mine,
Two faithful hearts to ſave;
The glory as the cauſe be thine,
And heal the wounds you gave.

A I R.

By a YOUNG LADY.

I.

O ſpread thy rich mantle, ſweet May, o'er the ground,
Drive the blaſts of keen winter away,
Let the birds ſweetly carrol, thy flow'rets ſmile round,
And let us with all nature be gay.

II.

Let ſpleen, ſpite, and envy, thoſe clouds of the mind,
Be diſpers'd by the ſunſhine of joy;
The pleaſures of Eden had bleſs'd human kind,
Had no fiend enter'd there to deſtroy.

III.

As May with her ſunſhine can warm the cold earth,
Let each fair with the ſeaſon improve;
Be widow's reſtor'd from their mourning to mirth,
And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

IV.

With the treaſures of ſpring, let the village be dreſs'd,
Its joys let the ſeaſon impart;
When rapture ſwells high, and o'erflows from each breaſt,
'Tis the *May* of the mind and the heart.

A I R.

By Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

I.

Young maids, and young ſwains, if you're curious to know,
What huſbands you'll have, and what wives;
From above I can know, what you'll do here below,
And what you have done all your lives:

Don't bluſh and don't fear,
As I'm old I am wiſe,
And I read in your eyes——
I muſt whiſper the reſt in your ear.

II.

If you a falſe man, ſhould betray a fond maid,
I'll read what the ſtars have decreed;
If you a fond maid, ſhould be ever betray'd,
You'll be ſorry that page I ſhould read.

Don't bluſh, and don't fear,
As I am old I am wiſe,
And I read in your eyes——
I muſt whiſper the reſt in your ear.

III.

If youth weds old age, tho' it wallows in gold,
With ſattins, and ſilks, and fine watch,
Yet when for baſe gold, youth and beauty is ſold,
The devil alone makes the match.

Don't bluſh, and don't fear,
As I am old I am wiſe,
And I read in your eyes——
I muſt whiſper the reſt in your ear.

IV.

" If an old man's ſo raſh, to wed a young wife,
" Or an old woman wed a young man;
" For ſuch huſband and wife, I read danger and ſtrife,
" For nature deteſts ſuch a plan.

" Don't bluſh, and don't fear,
" As I am old I am wiſe,
" And I read in your eyes——
" I muſt whiſper the reſt in yonr ear."

DUETTO.

By Mr. VERNON and a YOUNG LADY.

Paſſion of the pureſt nature,
  Glows within this faithful breaſt,
While I gaze on each lov'd feature,
  Love will let me know no reſt.

Thus the ewe her lamb careſſing,
  Watches with a mother's fear,
While ſhe eyes her little bleſſing,
  Thinks the cruel wolf is near.

A I R.

By a YOUNG LADY.

I.

Love reigns this ſeaſon, makes his choice,
And ſhall not we with birds rejoice?
O calm your rage, hear nature ſay,
Be kind with me *the firſt of May.*

II.

Would you, like miſers, hate to bleſs,
Keep wealth from youth you can't poſſeſs?
To nature hark, you'll hear her ſay,
Be kind with me *the firſt of May.*

Oh!

III.

Oh! then be bounteous, like the ſpring,
Which makes creation ſport and ſing,
With nature let your heart be gay,
And both be kind *this firſt of May.*

FINALE.

FINALE.

Mr. BANNISTER.

I.

Shall our hearts on May-day,
Lack and a well a day!
Want their recreation?
No, no, no, it can't be ſo,
Love with us muſt bud and blow,
Unblighted by vexation.

II.

Mr. VERNON.

Shall a maid on May-day,
Lack and a well a day!
Die of deſperation?
No, no, no, for pity's ſake,
To your care a couple take,
And give 'em conſolation.

Shall

III.

The YOUNG LADY.

Shall a youth on May-day,
Lack and a well a day!
Lament a ſeparation?
No, no, no, the lad is true,
Let him have of love his due,
Indulge his inclination.

IV.

Mr. PARSONS.

Shall my heart on May-day,
Lack and a well a day!
Refuſe its approbation?
No, no, no, within our breaſts,
Rage, revenge, and ſuch like gueſts,
Should ne'er have habitation.

V.

Mr. VERNON and YOUNG LADY.

We no more on May-day,
Lack and a well a day!
Shall ever have vexation!
No, no, no, your worth we'll ſing,
Join your name to bounteous ſpring,
In kind commemoration!

A

GRAND

CHORUS.

" Cold winter will fly,
" When ſpring's warmer ſky,
" The charms of young nature diſplay;
" When the heart is unkind,
" With the froſt of the mind,
" Benevolence melts it *like May.*"

The END.